

Traveler's Directory.

Pail River Line
FARES REDUCED—ONLY \$2 TO NEW YORK
 For limited tickets, reduced rates to all points beyond New York.
 Steamers **PLYMOUTH** and **MILGRIM** in commission.
 Leave New York, week days, only at 9:15 P. M.
 RETURNING, leave New York, from Pier 2 (old No. 1), foot of Murray street, week days only at 5:30 P. M. Eastward steamers loaded at Newport at 3:15 A. M.
 For tickets and staterooms apply at New York and Boston, Despatch Express, 272 Broadway, street, 7th floor, Greene, Ticket Agent.
 G. O. H. TAYLOR, Gen'l. Agent, New York
 J. H. JORDAN, Agent, Newport, R. I.

NEWPORT AND WICKFORD RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.
 In effect November 1, 1894.

Leave	A. M.	P. M.
Newport	10:00	4:20
Providence, arrive	12:00	8:15
New York	1:15	11:00
Leave	A. M.	P. M.
New York	12:00	4:00
Providence, arrive	1:15	11:00
Newport, arrive	6:35	5:00
Leave	A. M.	P. M.
New York	12:00	4:00
Providence, arrive	1:15	11:00
Newport, arrive	6:35	5:00

Saturdays excepted. This train runs through to Providence and connects with 6:30 A. M. train for Newport.
 Through train between Wickford Junction, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Also connects at Providence with Mail Train due in New York at 7 A. M.
 For tickets and staterooms apply at New York and Boston, Despatch Express, 272 Broadway, street, 7th floor, Greene, Ticket Agent.
 G. O. H. TAYLOR, Gen'l. Agent, New York
 J. H. JORDAN, Agent, Newport, R. I.

CONTINENTAL STEAMBOAT CO.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 1,
 LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

PROVIDENCE

Week days only at 8 A. M. Leave Providence for Newport week days only at 4 P. M.
 Mondays and Saturdays only stop at Providence each way. Stop at Conanicut Mondays and Saturdays only.
 All freight must be delivered at wharf thirty minutes before boat leaves to insure shipment.
 A. LIVINGSTON MASON, General Manager.

1894 TIME TABLE 1894

Jamestown and Newport Ferry Co.
 On and after November 8,
 STEAMER CONANICUT
 WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Newport, 6:45, 8:30 A. M., 12:00 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:30 P. M., 8:00 P. M.
 Leave Jamestown, 6:15, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:30 P. M., 8:00 P. M.
 Waits for arrival of Providence boat, Wednesday and Saturday.
 Subject to change without notice.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Old Colony System.
 Time tables showing local and through train time between all stations, may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

On and after Sunday, Oct. 14, 1894, trains will leave Newport, for Boston, week days, 1:15, 10:15 A. M., 1:00, 2:30, 4:00, 5:30 P. M.
 Return, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.
 Middlesex and Portland, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.
 Cape Cod, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.
 New Bedford, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.
 Fall River, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.
 Taunton, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.
 Boston, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.
 Sunday, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.
 Return, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.
 Middlesex and Portland, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.
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 Fall River, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.
 Taunton, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.
 Boston, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.
 Sunday, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00 P. M.

DO YOU WANT A GOOD REFRIGERATOR?

Do you want one that is simple, durable, economical and at the same time INEXPENSIVE?

You can find all these qualities in the

EDDY.

For sale only at

W. K. COYELL'S,

163 Thames Street.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

CONTRACTOR

—AND—

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK

NEWPORT, R. I.

Building, Draining and all kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.

Orders left at

Your Wife's Cough

needs attention. Don't neglect it because she doesn't complain. Coughs are dangerous. Disease does not stand still. The cough grows in volume, soon a thick, yellow matter is expectorated; loss of strength and sleep follows; the system is exhausted, and the cough is the end. This is how consumption runs its course. Be warned in time. When the first symptoms appear

SLOCUM'S OZONIZED EMULSION

Of Norwegian COD LIVER OIL WITH GUAIACOL

should be given. It will cure the cough and build up the system. It is a perfect food for consumptives, easily digested and assimilated. It is the kind Physicians prescribe. At all drug stores.

T. A. SLOCUM CO., New York.

Clothing.

JUST RECEIVED.

MY

Fall Stock

or

Clothing, Hats

AND

NECKWEAR.

JAMES P. TAYLOR'S,

189 THAMES STREET,

Agent for Rogers, Peet & Co.'s Clothing.

NEW Spring Woolens.

HENRY D. SPOONER

200 THAMES STREET.

JOHN ALDERSON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

17 Mill Street.

ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET

Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats

Delivered of every description made to order

A NEW LINE OF

Seasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-3

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens

Comparing the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 10 percent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

McLENNAN BROTHERS,

184 Thames Street,

MERCURY BUILDING.

PROV. BLANK BOOK MAN'Y

REAR OF POST OFFICE.

STOCKTON HOUSE, EX. PROVIDENCE

Blank Books, Wholesale or retail, on hand or made to order, defined pattern. Book Binding, Paper Binding, Edge Binding, Gilt Lettering, Sticker Binding and Paper Binding. H. M. COLEMAN & CO. Boston of the State.

Why Go West TO BUY A FARM?

For Sale.

In Southern Rhode Island a farm contains 100 acres, beautiful location and commanding fine views. The farm-house is of large dimensions and in good order. Stable, barn, and outbuildings in good order. The place is well wooded, and the soil is fertile. The price is \$10,000, and the owner is willing to sell for \$8,000, cash or on terms. The farm is situated about four miles from the railroad station.

DANIEL WATSON,

211-43

A five-year-old boy with long flaxen curls looks a great deal prettier to his mother than he does to the short-haired little boys who play with him.

"Tell me, mamma dear, why does papa always scold me when you're

IN THE STEEL MILLS.

A WORKMAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST DAY AT HOMESTEAD.

Awed by the deafening noise and roaring flames and blustered by the terrible heat—the fate of one poor man—tossed with aching bones at night.

When I went to the superintendent and asked for work, he said, "What can you do?"

"Anything. I am large, strong, active and willing. I have been about machinery all my life and want work badly."

He touched a button, and a boy appeared. "Show this man down through the converting mill and ask Fred if he can do anything for him. Good morning!" he said, and my interview was over.

I put on my new overalls and jumper and followed my guide down through the mills. We made our way through piles of stock, raw material, rolls, etc., and came at last to the huge converting mill. The superintendent was found and the work delivered. He glanced at me a moment; then said, not unkindly, "You look good and strong. Jump in and help those fellows there on these vessels."

I hardly knew what he meant, but through the smoke and steam I saw some men beneath one of the vessels, or converters, working with sledges and bars to get the bottom off. The mill, with its ponderous and massive cranes, the immense vessels all covered with black scale and soot, the flying sparks, the roaring flames, the lights coming and going, the air filled with steam and smoke, and, finally, the shrill and deafening noise, awed, confused and even disconcerted me more than I should have liked to acknowledge.

I seized a sledge lying near and jumped in. We at last got out the "keys," as they call the wedges which hold the converter together, and by the help of a hydraulic ram took the bottom off. This left a white-hot opening 8 feet in diameter and about 6 feet from the ground, under which you must work. It seemed to me as though the skin on my neck and hands would burst with the heat. My clothes even steamed and smoked. How I wished I had been anywhere under the sun—good old Sol—rather than under this scorching hot sun hanging so very near us!

When we had the new bottom on, we went up to the platform above the converters and drove the keys home more securely and stopped any small holes there might be with "ball stuff."

A shrieking engine passed by me and swiftly poured into the converter a "heat" of iron. Then the blast was turned on, and a cloud of yellow and ashy fumes, mixed with sparks and small particles of metal, rushed out of the mouth of the converter into the air. One of the men caught me by the arm and pulled me away just in time to save me from being seriously burned, for I was not expecting the fumes.

By noon I was so tired I could hardly stand, but I stuck to it for all I was worth. During the afternoon I frequently fell down because my knees were too weak to hold me up. My hands were burned and blistered, and my new overalls were filled with holes burned by flying sparks. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while working under the platform, I was startled to see a stream of red fire run over the edge of the platform and strike in the midst of some workmen. As it touched the wet ground it exploded with a report like that of a cannon. The molten metal flew in every direction. Many workmen were burned more or less severely, and in the case of one poor fellow—it makes me sick still to think of it—the steel came down directly on the head and back. We got him out of the steam and smoke and carefully and tenderly cut his burned clothing from him. As we placed him on the stretcher the burned flesh dropped from his bones.

When I was relieved at 6 o'clock, it seemed as if it would have been utterly impossible for me to live in that mill another hour. I dragged myself to my room and went to bed at once. All that night I tossed and turned my aching bones, trying to get into some position less painful than the last. I was tormented by a thousand grotesque fancies and by the picture of the poor fellow who was burned so badly. At last I got into an uneasy drowse, but I felt as if I had not been asleep a minute when my alarm clock announced to me that it was 4:45, and that I must get up to my 8:10 breakfast. Oh, the misery of that rising and going to the mill! Every bone and sinew seemed as if made of red-hot iron, and the joints as if rusted together.

It was a dark, foggy morning, I found, when, having desperately got up, I found myself powerless to dress. I tumbled out to my boarding house. The Pittsburgh smoke and fog are proverbial, but I really think that on that particular morning one might have cut tangible chunks out of the black, wet air. The board walks in Homestead are never in repair, and on the way to the mills I stumbled along through mud and stones, over boards and into holes, carrying in my hand my tin dinner bucket, which contained my midday meal.

On my first Sunday we reined the converter, and it became my duty to stand up in the inverted vessel and hand up the ball stuff and limestone with which to reline it. The vessel had been left to cool simply over night, and I suppose the temperature of the dry air inside of it stood at about 140 degrees. I worked as hard as I could, but near noon I fainted, for the first time in my life.

My experience at Homestead was the experience of the majority of workmen there.—"Homestead as Seen by One of Its Workmen" in McClure's Magazine.

The resurrection plant, a native of South Africa, becomes dry and apparently lifeless during drought, but opens its leaves and assumes all the appearance of life when rain falls.

A Remarkable Comedy.

The most remarkable comedy ever written is "The Visionaries," by DeMaret, the protégé of Richardson. Every character in the play has a hallucination of one kind or another. One is a coward who thinks he has conquered the world, another a poet who conceives himself better than Homer, another a lover who becomes convinced of every heroine he reads of in romance, another a doctor who thinks

A DESERT CLAIM.

(Continued from second page.)

after all. You need not be alarmed. I am only going to ask you to stay with me here, to let me enjoy your society as a friend, for just a few minutes longer. Is it so very much?"

"Preposterous—at this hour," murmured the girl, but his heart exulted in the note that there was no anger in the tone.

"They tell me that you are going away in a few days."

"Yes," she said as he paused inquiringly.

"Then in all our lives I shall probably never have an opportunity to ask any favor of you again."

"But this is unreasonable," she protested, half smiling. "I have been here too long already."

"Then ten minutes more will scarcely signify."

"Will ten minutes satisfy you?"

"I will not ask for any more," he said, "fading the direct answer to the question. 'Ah, thank you,'" he added, his voice tremulous with triumph as she acquiescently seated herself on a bench. He could have shouted for very joy. Never could he have dared to hope for such rare good fortune as this.

"It seems too lovely to go indoors," she murmured, as if in apology to her own conscience.

"It certainly does," he emphatically agreed. "And may I have the other end of the bench? Thanks. And now what shall we talk about? Is there anything else you will let me explain to you, or are you tired of personalities?"

"I am afraid you may be before I have done," she returned, with a friendly smile, "for to tell the truth I did not stop here altogether to please you. There is something else I want to say to you, something I have been wanting to speak to you about ever since our Sunday talk on the creek."

"Indeed?" he returned, an incredulous smile broadening into a low, amused laugh. "Well, I must say I had but dreamed that you could be induced to favor me with a word on my subject, if you had but dropped me the ghost of a hint!"

"It is about your father," she hurriedly interrupted. "I think you ought to forgive him."

"And about his forgiving me?" he demanded after a moment of silence. "It seems to me that you have rather got the cart before the horse, Miss Ellery."

"Ah, he has forgiven you long ago. He is your father. And if you would but go to him!"

"He would be proud of me, would he not?" he interrupted bitterly.

"Why should he not be?" she answered, with eager assurance. "You can hardly wish me to pay you empty compliments, but—"

"Say it, please, if it is anything kind. You cannot think how I am starved for kindness," he pleaded as she hesitated. "But perhaps you had better not, after all. If you should make me drunk with happiness!"

"Oh, if you are going to talk like that—rising hastily.

"But I will not, I pledge you my word. Don't go, please, Miss Ellery. Let us talk this matter of my father over. You speak of my forgiving him as if all the hardness and wrong were on my side. Do you know, with all my bitterness—and I am very bitter sometimes—I still have an inexpressible affection for my father. He made certain mistakes in my training, but he was cruelly punished. I am bitter, but I am not quite so hardened as you seem to think."

"Then why will you not go back to him?"

"I used to dream of going home when I should have done great things to condone the offenses of the past. It would be the greatest thing in the world for me, equivalent to being canonized, if I could hear my father say just once, 'My son, I am proud of you.'"

"But he would say it; he could not help saying it when he saw you." She forgot how much the words implied in the eager desire to support her argument. "He could not look at you without being proud that he had given such a man to the world. He would know that your life had been brave and true; that your record had been clean, and he would give you the larger measure of credit that so much had been against you."

"Thank you," he almost whispered, drawing a sharp breath, his eyes eagerly studying her face in the moonlight. "I have thought a good deal about going home these last few days—since our Sunday talk." His voice was very low. "I could not help remembering what an advantage it would give me to stand as my father's son before the world. But do you suppose I could look my father in the face if I should go sneaking back to him merely to gain certain selfish ends of my own? I am bad enough, heaven knows, but I am not quite so contemptible as that. Even to gain my very heart's desire, if that were possible, I could not do it. Do you understand, and do you forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive," she smiled. "Remember, however, that she was more chagrined that she had not the power to bend him to her wishes than for the actual point involved. "You are of course free to do as you like in the matter. I only hope you will excuse me for meddling."

"I have vexed you," he exclaimed miserably, his glance following her in helpless appeal as she rose from her seat. "But, oh, Miss Ellery, can't you see?"

"I think your scruples are rather morbid and far-fetched so far as I understand them," she returned coldly, drawing her shawl more closely about her shoulders as he turned from him, she stared at the burned out debris over the bank. "But I cannot stay to argue the case with you. I must be going."

"Must you, really?" reluctantly rising also. "You have been here such a little while."

"But I am afraid to think what time it must be. What if any one were to see us? I would better go around by the backhouse, don't you think?" turning, with a shade of apprehension upon her face, after a sweeping survey of the house. "It would be dreadful to meet anybody, to have to explain!"

"The farther around the better," he said, with a breathless little laugh. "But I am sure you need not be nervous, Miss Ellery. There is not a soul stirring besides ourselves."

For one has no equal, and the Toilet Soap, which comes in every package, alone is worth the price of the whole package.

Mrs. A. G. HARDY, Providence.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.

Glastonbury, Conn.



It Touches the Spot.

B-L

Tobacco

goes to the right place.

Is a chew that satisfies.

she observed, evidently uneasy in her mind, as they walked down the hill.

"It is rather a singular circumstance that there are not. How does it happen?" He hoped to divert her from her fears, which, he saw, were growing upon her. "On most ranches there are dogs galore. Thieves would have a regular walkover here."

"Oh, Mrs. Ellery dislikes dogs. She has a horror of hydrophobia. But—oh, what was that?" laying her hand in terror upon his arm. "It sounded like a footstep."

"Why, are you so frightened as that?" quickly covering the small, cold fingers in a reassuring pressure. "It

was nothing but a falling leaf. I shall be sorry that I detained you if you are going to be oppressed with such an awful sense of guilt. If you would rather go on alone!"

"I think it would be better if you don't mind," hastily withdrawing her hand.

"I do mind, but of course it must be as you prefer. Shall I leave you here?"

"If you will, please."

"But we are friends again, Miss Ellery?"

"Oh, certainly. Good night."

"Once in token of friendship you shook hands with me when we were saying good-bye."

She laughed, a little nervous hint of poetry in her manner, as she halted just above him on the steep bank back of the luncheon. Then rather shyly she held out to him her hand. He seized it in both his own, with tremulous eagerness.

"Tell me," he whispered, coming a step nearer. "I heard the other day that you are engaged to be married. Is it so?"

"Yes," abruptly snatching back her hand. "Do you want to congratulate me?"

"Do you want me to?" he returned, with an odd smile. "Good night, Miss Ellery. Thanks for all your kindness, and God bless you always."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Umbrella Story.

A few days ago while a gentleman was buying stamps at the postoffice some one took his umbrella, as he believes, by mistake, and the loser put this card in the morning paper:

"The kind friend who carried off my umbrella at the postoffice yesterday will bear in mind that the 'gates of heaven' are only 24 inches wide. My umbrella measures 28. At the other place he won't need it. Didn't I say for just one drop of water? He had better return it to 208 Chamber of Commerce, and no questions will be asked."

A few days later a boy brought in an umbrella, but, alas! not the advertiser's. He had caught the wrong conscience.

Boston Transcript.

For one has no equal, and the Toilet Soap, which comes in every package, alone is worth the price of the whole package.

Mrs. A. G. HARDY, Providence.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.

Glastonbury, Conn.

Newport Illuminating Company

Electric Fans of all Designs.

STORES, OFFICES and RESIDENCES wired and lighted by INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LIGHT at lowest rates.

